

BISHOP AND HIS CRITICS

The New Row In The Anglican Church.

HIS LORDSHIP TALKS OF "LIARS"

One Reverend Opponent Talks Of "Crazy People" and There You Are.

"I do not wish to say anything more," said Bishop Willis yesterday in an interview. "I have plainly stated my attitude; I have nothing more to say and nothing more to do. I am secure in my position and the unpleasant disturbance that has arisen can in no way affect me or my church. The organization at whose head Mr. Osborne is, has naught to do with the Anglican Church; it was founded outside of the church, and under another name. It is not a branch of the Anglican Church in any sense of the word, and it has no recognition as such here or anywhere else—absolutely no recognition."

"As to the motives of the body under the title of the 'Episcopal Church at Large,' I have little to say. Their actions speak for themselves; there is some personal feeling in the matter, but, perhaps, more ambition. It was thought by the parties who organized that association that with antagonism I would be displaced and my position filled by an American bishop, and from such appointment they hoped to gain favor. It seems to me that their motives are very plain and need no explanation."

"What will be the ultimate outcome? Why, they will simply have to stop lying, that's all. They will simply have to stop lying. Time will surely settle this disturbance, and when it is settled the Anglican Church and its arrangements will be in no manner affected. That is all I have to say. It is simply a matter of time. As to my general position, it is full of the Church Standard of March 2."

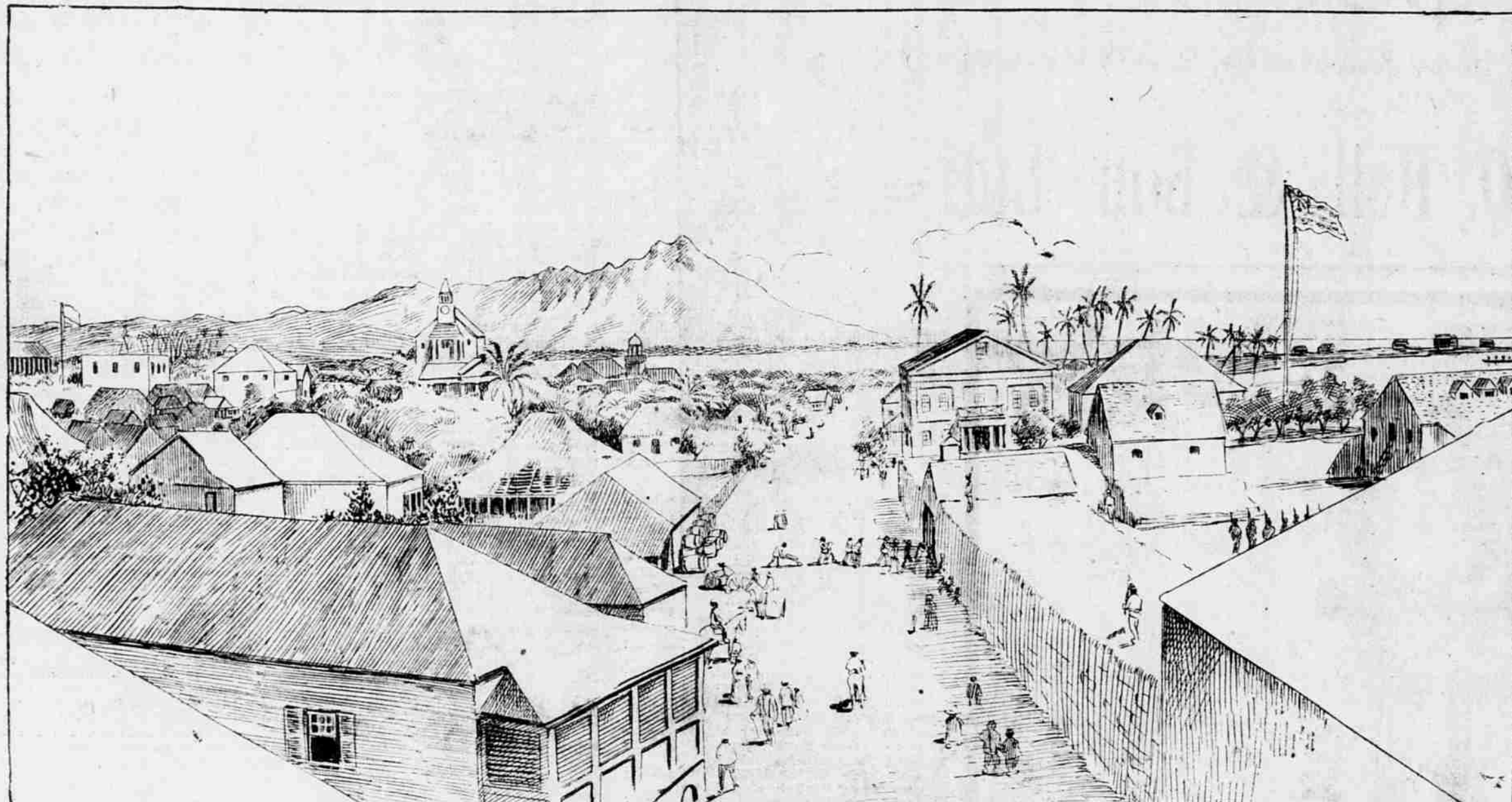
WHAT is the row about? Oh, it's a new phase of the old row—a row which has lasted since a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; a row that has left a Bishop without an acceptable church and a church without an acceptable Bishop; a row which seems likely to last as long as His Lordship of Honolulu, an Anglican shepherd in an American fold, is able to stand up as did Roderic Dhu before the boulder and declare:

Come on, come on!
This rock shall fly
From its firm base as
Soon as I!

But to particularize. Without going into diocesan affairs generally, it is enough to say that Rev. John Osborne, the head of an Episcopal congregation in full spiritual fellowship with the Anglican body but at more or less odds with the Bishop of Honolulu, has been holding services at St. Clements' chapel for a considerable period. Mr. Osborne, in the performance of his duties, has won wide esteem. An indefatigable church worker, he has carried out services daily, the chapel being open for morning prayers on week days; and on Sundays he has followed the usual program. Mr. Osborne has also built up a flourishing Sunday school and a choir and helped to conduct the Church Extension and Extension Association. In respects St. Clements, as everybody knows, has become a force for good in the community. The attendance of church people at its Sunday services is much greater than that which is enjoyed by the Bishop's services at the Cathedral.

His Lordship of Honolulu, however, did not take St. Clements' under his ecclesiastical wing. He was willing to let it go when the chapel was organized, providing the trustees in charge of the property would convey it to his diocesan ownership; but the trustees, one of whom was Mr. Osborne, refused to do so, fearing complications after the change of the Islands with the United States had altered, as they presumed it would, the national relations of the church in Hawaii. So they made their minds to the "Episcopal Church at Large," intending to alter them when they found what change in the status of the church would follow Bishop Willis' anticipated withdrawal.

THE OLD FORT OF HONOLULU FIFTY YEARS AGO



ent ideas of March came he determined to strike a blow. His reasons may be guessed from the fact that St. Clements', represented by the Church Defence and Extension Association, had begun to appear in print, taking a controversial attitude with Bishop Willis over his decision to hold the Bishopric even though it might cut off the Church

in Hawaii from the jurisdictional care of the church establishment in England or America. Bishop Willis evidently thought that the best way to take the edge off the criticisms of the St. Clements people in church journals abroad was to put the critics outside the pale of the church. Hence these impressive circulars, reference to which

has already been made in the Advertiser:

To all Members of the Anglican Communion to whom these Presents may come.

Greeting: Be it known unto you by these presents, that the Reverend John Osborne, formerly of the City of Toronto, admitted to the order of

priesthood by the Lord Bishop of Toronto, in the year of our Lord, 1889, and appointed in the year 1897 to a position of dignity and trust in the Anglican Church in Hawaii (the said church being an offshoot of the Church of England planted in the Hawaiian Islands, in full commun-

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IT WAS A TORRID DAY

Honolulu Begins to Get a Taste of Summer Weather Now.

Old Sol went on a rampage yesterday and played havoc with collars and shirt bosoms and the tempers of everybody who thought it ought to be cool. When Old Sol beamed down upon the long glass tubes wherein the mercury is stored to notify citizens generally whether it is hot, cold or just medium, the contents began to steam, the tubes swelled out and for a time during the middle of the day it was believed that there would be a greater flurry in thermometers than ever occurred during a sugar or wheat panic. The beams from Sol's single eye started the mercury to boil and the liquid spurted up until 86 was reached—that is, in the thermometers hung out on Makiki door posts.

Everybody said, "Phew! ain't it hot?" and "everybody" else agreed that the expression just about fitted the torridity of the day. Pajamas, kimonos and holokus were a la mode, and those who dressed for church were only too glad to get back home from their devotions and slip into something that would give them the best chance to get cool.

High collars succumbed early and even the low ones were uncomfortable to their wearers. The "shirt waist" men were out in force, carrying their coats under their arms. There was a general stampede for the beach and the consensus of expressions on the sands at Waikiki was "Ain't this lovely and cool, though?"

Just what impelled Sol to beam down upon suffering humanity so warmly is difficult to tell, unless it was the lack of wind from any quarter whatsoever. In the forenoon Makiki thermometers registered all the way from 82 to 86. As the afternoon wore on the heat became sweltering although there was no appreciable rise about 86. In the evening the mercury fell to about 80 and remained there until midnight, when the thermometers within doors registered 78 degrees.

Hope Still Survives.

Hope for the construction of a railway to Kawaihae should not be abandoned because Mr. Gehr has not written as frequently as he should to his associates here. To float a scheme like a railway requires time and patience. Capital is and ever was, timid, and it cannot be expected that an investment running into the millions will be made without first investigating the source of returns. So far as known the investors have not yet visited Hilo, though at least a half dozen men interested in railroad construction have come here and looked over the situation and left apparently satisfied. Some day representatives of the men behind the guns may come here and decide to put money into the scheme and build the road. The public may depend upon it that Mr. Gehr has not abandoned the enterprise, and if he fails to secure the coin in one place there is nothing to prevent his taking his wares to another. That a railway will be built along the coast cannot be questioned, and the public feels that if Mr. Gehr does not promote it, Mr. Dillingham will—Hilo Herald.

King William IV's coronation cost the nation about \$200,000; the expenses of King Edward VII's coronation, it is expected, will be much heavier.

"FAUST" AS VIEWED BEFORE AND BEHIND THE SCENES BY ADVERTISER CRITICS

FAUST without Lewis Morrison can never be said to be the dramatized version of Goethe's masterpiece, but Faust with Morrison, clothed in the demon scarlet of Mephisto, is about all that modern theater-goers desire. To have seen Morrison as Mephisto is to have seen the material embodiment of all the evils, the fallings from grace and the undertow of life, which the arch fiend represents. Morrison's Mephisto has not changed with the thousands of nights it has been presented to audiences the country over for nearly two decades. The same subtle power of enunciation, the mocking laugh and the demoniac sneer of the Morrison of former years are still with this modern prototype of Lucifer, but in the performance given Saturday evening at the Hawaiian opera house there was lacking the fine quality of

scenic effects and the brilliancy of electrical conjuring of artificial means to produce realisms obtained elsewhere. Morrison, however, was there almost as powerful as of yore, but the lack of these strange accessories to surround the role of Mephisto was sadly felt, and one wondered whether or not a new version of the play had been rendered.

What is true of Morrison's interpretation of the role of Satan in the flesh can be said of Miss Florence Roberts as Marguerite. Naive and innocent was this stage Marguerite in her knowledge of the world before the appearance of the arch fiend and his dupe Faust, and womanly, masterful and forceful was she as the Marguerite to whom had come the full knowledge of the "world, the flesh and the devil." Miss Roberts' interpretation of a trying role ran the gamut of stage emotions and made her at once the favorite with the audience. Paul Gerson as Faust has a melodious voice fitting well into the role of the young-old philosopher. His was a

pleasing contrast to Miss Roberts' role and graceful presence and he won favor from his auditors. But why did the old Dr. Faust, grizzled and bent with age and the weight of philosophy, retire from the stage to effect the metamorphosis into the dashing young cavalier? Such a change has always been made upon the stage in full view of the audience, and where but a second before was the decrepit philosopher, was the gayly attired young Dr. Faust glowing with the renewal of his youth. This scene in Saturday night's performance fell flat, for, fully two minutes after leaving the stage, the metamorphosed Faust walked leisurely upon the stage. There were other mechanical defects, too, which destroyed the illusion sought in the play, which caused many a would-be climax to tumble like a house of cards, notably the scene on the Broken, where amongst the demon revels the sliding rock revealed Marguerite in a dark nook instead of having the full power of a calcium light turned upon her. Then again the

framework which showered down glittering tongues of fire upon the revelers almost fell upon the stage and could be seen by the entire audience. Again, in the duel scene in the Square at Nuremberg, Valentine became tangled up in his electric wires and the swords failed to give forth the electric sparks which usually cap the climax.

All in all, however, the play pleased the large and fashionable audience. The old Tuxedo quartet of this city, composed of Messrs. Elston, Beardslee, Vaniman and Prouty, made a hit in their musical selections and were encored at each appearance. The "boys" were never in better voice and unison and quite captivated the audience. Morrison, toward the close of the performance, made a speech thanking the people of Honolulu for their generous support and promised if life continued for long he would come again, and if not they would probably all meet again, archly pointing his finger downward with true Mephistophelean hauteur. ROLYAT.

FEW of the large audience which witnessed the production of "Faust" Saturday night at the opera house realized that there was anything awry behind the curtains, though there were two or three slight delinquencies in the matter of effects. In point of fact there were about three hours of nightmare for the stage manager and his assistants. It would be easier, according to their story, to enumerate what did not go wrong than to attempt to say what did go wrong. Only by the constant hustling and the determination of the small force of stage manipulators was the day saved and the curtain rung down upon only three perceptible defects.

The management has been laboring under great difficulties in the matter of assistance, electrical apparatus, stage fixtures, scenery, etc., throughout the engagement, but especially worrying was the matter of arrangements for the spectacular production of "Faust." By energetic work on the part of all hands, from the leading actors down to the property boy, the arrangements were completed by the time the curtain was due to lift at 8:15, and the first act went off very nicely, except that Miss Razeto fell down the stairway leading to her dressing room and sustained injuries which were responsible for an added touch of pathos in her condolences with the peasant girls for the plight of Marguerite in the third act. When it came to setting up the scenery for Marguerite's cottage in the second act the stage manager was confronted with a serious difficulty; the bobinet curtain to be used for the draping of the front window of the cottage had disappeared and could be found nowhere. In the hurry, an extra spray of greens was added to the fish netting across the porch and the window left

curtainless. Later it was discovered that the missing netting had been utilized, under the impression that it was a tablecloth, by the small boy who carried away Camille's luncheon in the afternoon performance.

The pilikia really began, however, when, in the duel scene the electric sparks which should have been at the command of Mephisto failed to materialize, the lights having been turned off for the purpose of making the spectacle effective. The electric plates upon which Mephisto, Faust and Valentine were to place their feet had been in perfect working order and the sparks had appeared in abundance just before the rise of the curtain, but when it came to the Evil One's interference with the duel, the three actors clashed their swords in vain, the sparks refusing to fly. The trouble was that Mr. Gerson, in his reminiscence of drink, immediately before, had been too free with his gestures and had disconnected the wires which ran from his sword to his boot heel, thus breaking the current. In the Broken scene a dozen things went wrong. Stage Manager Carlyle Moore, under heavy perspiration, was dividing his time between three calcium lights, various red fires and making signals for the shifting of scenery. He was in costume, having intended to participate in the revels of the imp, but had no time to go upon the stage. The costume, however, stood him in good stead. He was at one side of the turning on of the red calcium as Mephisto and Faust began the ascent from the Broken, and as there was not time to go around, he shot desperately across among the other imp and got to his post in time to follow with the red light the movements of the two as they climbed the ledge and stood at the top. The next difficulty was that of the old man who struggles

toward the top of the Broken and falls back at the summit. Just as he was ready to come upon the stage he had pilikia with his whiskers, the rubber band which held them in place having broken. Seeing this difficulty, another imp beat a hasty retreat from the revel and secured the hirsute ornament for him by utilizing strands of the whiskers in place of the rubber band. Thus equipped, the old man made his way across the stage and completed his hopeless climb without the incident becoming known to the audience.

Accident favored the production in the next happening. In the poverty of competent assistants, Miss Roberts manipulated the thunder drum, which was strung in the air so as to produce the proper sound. Miss Roberts was not satisfied with the tension of the drum head and called to Machinist Snell, who in attempting to adjust the matter unlensed the hanging and the big drum tumbled down, striking the machinist upon the head and producing an opportune crash just as Mephisto shouted the third "Begin!" Subsidizing reverberations were caused by the big drum as it rolled across the floor and bumped down a couple of stairs; the emphatic expressions of the gentleman whose head was so severely used may have had something to do with the sulphuric condition of the atmosphere about that time. Whether the quality of the terrific crash resulted from the tension of the drum or the hardness of Mr. Snell's head, or the two combined, is a matter for conjecture. At any rate the thunder passed as realistic with the audience, and no harm was done other than the abrasions sustained by Mr. Snell.

When Mephisto commanded the vision of Marguerite in chains to appear in the Broken scene, Miss Roberts was posed, the slide was properly attended and all ready for the weird light to reveal the vision, but an acci-

NAN BYXBEE.